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"FREELY ye have received, freely give." This text, many times repeated, is usually done with the emphasis on the "freely give." Let us think for a moment of the "have received." To-day we rejoice in our homes, our free institutions, and our christian civilization, forgetting that our ancestors were pagans who offered human beings as sacrifices to their deities. This is a true statement, though it startle us. Foreign missionaries came to the early inhabitants of the island of Great Britain and taught in its groves, where the Druids worshiped, of the atonement through the sacrifice of the Son of God. Some of these good men lost their lives, but their blood was not like spilt water. The influence of their teachings and sacrifices permeated the civilization of the sixth century, and so the forefathers of the great English speaking race were brought out of darkness, and it has become the medium of the gospel to the whole world. Freely we have received the gospel from foreign missionaries, freely let us give it to those in need of it.

THE Indian Decennial Conference of missionaries took place at Calcutta, December 28, and continued six days. Four hundred and sixty missionaries were in attendance. One session was given to the women, at which the daughter

of Mrs. Mullens, whose embroidered slipper opened the zenanas, and an aunt of A. L. O. E., both took part. Judging from brief reports at hand, we conclude no session was more interesting or ably conducted. Further notice may be expected in the next issue.

THE London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution for the friendless and fallen was established in 1857. It now sustains six *Homes* and an *Open-All-Night Refuge*, providing accommodations for 180 inmates. Since its establishment about 18,000 young women and girls have been admitted, the majority of whom were found to be orphans and country girls. £12 and 10s. are required daily to sustain the Institution. The expenses are met largely by subscriptions and donations.

As we read this paragraph shall we not try to make practical the feeling of regard for the preservation of our own sex that will stir our hearts if we pause to think? Possibly our duty may lie very near to us.

There may be those who are passing through moral storms, the breakers dashing all about them, whom we can help to stand firm; or if, perchance, shipwrecked, experiencing our love and courage, they shall take heart again. Sheltered as many of us are, we can have but little conception of the loneliness and heroism of some lives.

“Sometime, in our dream of the future, we say,
Sometime when our life shall have passed away,—
In that hour, when our wondering eyes behold
The gates of pearl and the streets of gold,
While with ravishing music heaven’s arches ring,—
There will lovingly fall from the lips of our King,
E’en to us poor sinners, the gracious word:
‘Enter now, beloved, the joy of thy Lord.’
“But the joy of our Lord, when he walked below,
Was to bring heaven’s light to earth’s gloom and woe;
To seek the lost; the hungry to fill;
To do, day by day, his Father’s will.
And to each disciple who follows his Lord
There is coming ever this tender word:
‘Take now this bliss which has no alloy;
Enter in *to-day* to thy Master’s joy.’”

The Foreign Mission from a Personal Standpoint.

[An abstract of a paper presented at the semi-centennial meeting at Lowell, Mass., January 30, by the Rev. A. J. Marshall, Missionary to the Balasore district, India.]

"THE field is the world"—"go into all the world"—"preach the gospel to every creature." It is very important that we bear in mind the fact that these words were spoken when there were, perhaps, less than a score of devout followers of our Saviour who were capable of entering upon the duties of the task imposed. This command should be studied and reflected upon until the burden of saving a world is pressing upon every believer. God will not convert the heathen until Christian nations are prepared to receive and nurture them.

The character of those who are appointed to foreign mission work has very much to do with results. The work demands men with deep piety, good judgment, and thorough business ability. We must bear in mind that we have, to a large extent, the moulding of the character of the people who receive the gospel; and to do this most important part well we must have the best talent procurable.

Next in importance come methods of work. Some advocate the "all preaching" plan. Others have leaned largely to the educational. Still more have favored a well-balanced use of both means as the better plan for work. In our own mission we have been governed largely by the character of the labor and means furnished for the work. As the case now stands our educational work is far in advance of the preaching force, and as compared with the educational work done by other missions we are in advance of every other mission in that field. The American Missionary Board has twenty-four male missionaries there, and has 1,200 pupils in its schools, while we have but five male missionaries and have 2,858 pupils—more than double their number. We are not doing any more educational work than is imperatively demanded in this field, but we believe that for a time all our attention and resources, beyond what is needed to sustain our educational work where it now is, should be devoted to the increase of our preaching force. We believe that all experience goes to show that preaching the gospel is the most effectual method of bringing people to Christ, and that instead

of its being the weakest part of our work, it should be made the strongest.

Another most interesting question is: What are the native Christians themselves doing in the way of self-help and self-support? Our last mission report shows that there are sixteen of them in the ministry, or one to every thirty-four of the communicants. There are some fifteen now attending the Bible School, and sixty women are engaged in mission-school work, making a total of ninety-one out of a membership of 545, or one in six of the membership daily engaged in direct christian work. From this it will be seen that the native Christians are coming forward in very unusual numbers to aid in establishing the kingdom of our Lord in India. Concerning the value of these services, all agree that they have become a very valuable aid in the work, and that much of the success gained has been the result of their labors. As pastors many have shown marked ability, and as evangelists their preaching is attended with rich fruits of blessing, and in all mission-fields the native preachers have made deep impressions upon the masses.

In the matter of self-support the churches in India have the same question to solve that awaits solution with very many of the churches in America. If poverty has proved too great a barrier for Christian churches afflicted with it in America to surmount, we need not expect a people just emerging from the degraded condition of the people of India to leap it at a bound. The question how to make a church that is composed of destitute members, and situated in the midst of an opposing community, self-supporting and capable of aggressive work, is as hard of solution in a foreign as in the home field. We may safely rely upon it that it will be solved as soon there as here.

The people of India are poor, very poor, but we believe that, according to the measure of their possessions, they are as actively benevolent as the Christians of America. The duty of self-support has been constantly kept before them, and every advance made that seemed possible, and though the day has not yet come when the churches can support themselves, except in a few instances, it is rapidly approaching. It is ardently desired by the natives themselves, and it will be a day of rejoicing to them as well as to us.

Reminiscences.

[BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.]

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

THE second jattrā referred to was held among the Santals in Satrastrani, and continued four days. The rajah (native king) of the territory was present for the purpose of enjoying a holiday. He was a young man about twenty years of age, fond of debate, and black as ebony. Dressed in native costume, his appearance was not repulsive, but his attempt to imitate Europeans made it the reverse. His white spencer, pants, gloves, socks, and necktie, wrinkled and crumpled in no elegant manner, overshadowed by a broad-brimmed solar, while a pair of clumsy iron-shod cowhides supplied the place of shoes, altogether rendered his appearance very grotesque. "The royal booth," says Mr. Phillips, "was only a few rods from our tent, yet His Majesty invariably made us daily visits on one of his elephants; he would not deign at first to dismount or come on a level with our humble selves, but persisting in our refusal to discuss with him perched upon his elephant, he was at length induced to come down and take a seat under a large mango tree. He made numerous inquiries, though in a sneering manner, and attempted to ridicule the miraculous conception of Christ. I gave him the Bible account of the stupendous event, and then pressed his Highness for an account of the parentage of the first human pair. Unable to do so, even satisfactorily to his own mind, he became more modest, and consented to listen while I plied him with our Lord's discourse to Nicodemus, and referred him to the future judgment, where both rajah and judja (king and people) will come on a level and receive at the hand of a righteous judge, according to the deeds done in the body. The rajah is said to be very unjust and oppressive, and, young as he is, boasts of his ten wives and numerous sons."

The missionary party found at this jattrā excellent opportunities for preaching to willing hearers. In regard to this people, Mr. Phillips writes: "The Santals have been spoken of as very much resembling the Karens of Burmah, and the

hope has been entertained that, like them, their subjection to the gospel would be ready and cheerful. They strikingly resemble them in the rude simplicity of their manners and customs, and religious rites, but in regard to their preparation for the reception of the gospel, the similarity is by no means apparent. The Santals, though curious and inquisitive, are great believers in witchcraft, ghosts, and hobgoblins. They seldom fail to treat me and my native brethren with respect when we preach to them the glad tidings. On the present occasion our hearers were numerous and attentive, and a few were serious. Elias Hutchins acquitted himself well in laboring to enlighten the minds of his rude countrymen. Often while standing beside my native brother, coveting his ready, fluent speech, as the words of life that fell from his lips were heard and responded to, did I breathe a fervent prayer that the Holy Spirit might seal instruction to hearts hitherto unmoved. At the jattrā we met several youths — a part of them truants from our school — who could read, and to whom copies of the gospel in Santal were very acceptable. I was encouraged to find my translation of Matthew readily understood. One truant and two new comers accompanied our people home and are now in the school. I can but believe that the way of the Lord is gradually being prepared among this rude people, and ardently would I urge my brethren to interest themselves in their enlightenment."

Mr. Oliver, who had rendered such good service in the christian settlement at Santipore, was suddenly called to Calcutta by the death of his father, and without informing the missionaries of his intention, he there engaged in the service of a railway company, leaving the work of a missionary for a more lucrative employment. It was a sad and bitter disappointment to the missionaries, when helpers in their work were so greatly needed.

March 12, 1854, was a memorable and joyous day at the Balasore station. During a session of the Quarterly Meeting held there at that time, a nice substantial brick edifice, 70 feet long and 40 feet wide, that had been four years in building, was dedicated to the service of Him who alone is God. Says Mrs. Cooley: "It is very neat, airy, and commodious, and reflects much honor on Mr. Bachelor, who originated the plan";

and she might have added, on Mr. Cooley also, who, after the work was commenced, carried it forward to completion. Mr. Peyton, who aided Mr. Phillips so generously in the settlement at Santipore, gave \$75 towards the chapel, Mr. Woodcock and the other English friends also contributed generously. Dr. Sutton, whose interest in the mission was unabated, attended the Quarterly Meeting and preached the dedicatory sermon, and Mr. Phillips offered the dedicatory prayer. A bell for the chapel was sent by American friends. Miss Crawford, in writing of this glad event, said: "You can scarcely imagine how we prize the privilege of meeting in so commodious a house. We had been so crowded in the school-house, and had been obliged to let many sit outside about the doors, that now our congregation appears much larger than formerly, and I think the brethren preach better. Certainly I do not become so tired on the Sabbath as heretofore. We have great cause for thankfulness that the Lord has enabled His people to build such a house in honor of His name among the heathen. You would have been amused to see the heathen drop in at our first meeting. Passing by, on their way to and from the bazar, they heard the noise and came in to learn the cause. One man entered with a bundle of yarn in his hand, another with some cabbages, others with other articles for the use of their physical natures, but not one came, it is to be feared, caring for his precious soul. Some continue to drop in occasionally, but seldom remain during the service."

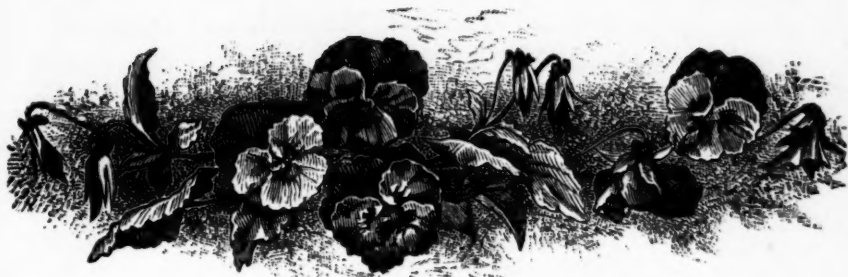
Mr. Sutton prolonged his much-prized and useful visit five days. When he began to talk of leaving, the friends, loth to part with him so soon, pleaded for a longer stay. With much energy and earnestness he replied to their entreaties, "Hinder me not: I must be about my Master's business"; and so they parted, comforted with the prospect of other happy earthly reunions.

The mission had recently come into possession of a bungalow at Chandapore, on the sea-coast, a few miles from Balasore, to be used for sanitary purposes. The Balasore missionaries, with Mr. Phillips, took refuge there for a few days, from the hot March winds blowing at Balasore like

scorching blasts from a heated furnace. Somewhat recruited, the former returned to their station-work, the latter to his Scripture translations in his lonely home, and to his other mission work.

In May, the Balasore church was gladdened by the conversion of two more of the Khund boys, who offered themselves for baptism. Miss Crawford, in writing the good news, added : " Would that I could stop here, but alas ! we must tell of our disappointments as well as our hopes. You will remember Gomannah, the lad who committed theft a little over a year ago, about whom we had so much trouble. Last month he fell again into the same snare, and two weeks ago he fled, we know not where." Miss Crawford's details of the case strikingly exemplified the tender, loving, compassionate pity so characteristic of her noble life. Her grief was intense. She said, " For a time I was almost crazy, and I am not sure that I am quite sane now, but hope I shall be before long. Never had I labored so hard and unceasingly for the good of any other individual as for that naughty boy. I had prayed with him, wept with him, spent many sleepless, prayerful nights, and once had shown him the virtue of the whip argument. What is the result ? Who has been profited by the time and labor spent on Gomannah ? What will my missionary life amount to ? With such questions rapidly arising, will you wonder that for a time I wished myself away among the quiet vales of my native town. I sighed and thirsted for rest and consolation, and at last I found rest — not under the shady hills of my own loved native land, but in Him who is the 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' The exhortation still is, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand.' "

A RECENT lady traveler in the East tells of her visit to the Girls' Orphanage in Nazareth, the early home of Jesus, an institution established many years ago by a Christian society in London. There she heard the children singing sweetly the well-known hymn, " Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By "; and she says that they were " sure the words were all meant for them." This is another illustration of the far-reaching power of a popular hymn. The hymn in question was first published in the *Sunday School Times* eighteen years ago. Since then it has encircled the world with its strains of plaintive pleading, and it is a new power to-day in the earthly home of Him whom it sings.



Heart Promptings.

I WANTED to send her some flowers,
For 'tis just two years to-day
Since the little ones were taken
From my neighbor over the way.
But John said, "What good will it do her?
And why bring up the past?"
He was sure he "wouldn't want flowers,"
So I gave it up at last.

Men often think us foolish
To do these "useless" things;
But if they call us "angels,"
They should not clip our wings.
There is something that tells us to do them —
A feeling we can't resist:
Perhaps if we gave up doing,
There'd be something lost and missed.

And I can't help feeling the Master
Still speaks for us now, as when
He defended those simple women
Before the wiser men;
And when, all worn and weary,
With hours in field and street,
That woman's tears provided
The water for His feet.

All saw that He was slighted;
Yet the men who loved Him, too,
Might have whispered, "Useless, foolish,"
Had they known what she would do.
But the woman's sudden impulse
With love's unerring aim
Went straight to the heart of Jesus,
And her deed to blessed fame.

And again when his soul was heavy
With the burden of unshared woe.

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Wounded by those who loved Him,
As well as by open foe,
One heart — a woman's — answered
With an act that met His need,
And heaven and earth still witness
To the fragrance of her deed.

And then, although sadly "useless,"
One voice — a woman's — rose,
For "that just man" — forsaken,
Before His bitter foes.
And all the Way of Sorrows
Love's fearless protest came
From that noble band of women
To whom He spake by name.

Around the cross of their Master,
They stood to the very end,
"You can do no good," was whispered,
Doubtless by many a friend.
Yet from His cross He saw them,
And Mary, standing there,
Heard His own voice commit her
To John's protecting care.

"Nay, do not go to the garden,"
Their friends, in kindness, said;
"But the women followed, weeping,
And saw where He was laid."
"It is useless to gather spices —
What good will the ointment be?
The tomb is sealed and guarded,
There is only the stone to see."

But the women's strong devotion
Impelled their eager feet
To haste in the early dawning
With spices and ointment sweet.
Had they stayed and checked their feelings,
Ah, think of the untold loss!
For they were the first to see Him
Who died for them on the cross.

Love speaks a simple language,
But speak it must and will,
And our Lord doth set His sanction
On its tender promptings still.
He has gone Himself to heaven,
But He lives in His own to-day —
I think I will send those flowers
To my neighbor over the way.

— *Parish Visitor.*

Whose Sheaves?

A LETTER written by Miss Fielde, of Swatow, China, to a mission worker in Minnesota, has lately fallen into our hands. We think its lesson may be helpful to many who are longing to see the fruits of their labors.

"A friend writes me, that you once said, 'O what a wondrous crown will Miss Fielde have to lay at the Saviour's feet, while mine will be so poor and worthless.'

"Reading your thought in my friend's letter has made me feel like writing you this line. I do not know your name, but I know that you are one who is working for our Lord Jesus, and I want to convince you that your hope of a fair crown is as surely founded as mine. 'Every good and perfect gift cometh from above.' The truly good things which we have are all gifts; not one of them is of our own earning. The best we get is always a gift, not a reward. Our crowns when they come to us will be boons, not meeds. Both you and I are working for the Lord in the same vineyard. The field is the world, and we should like to bring in many sheaves to Him and hear His praise, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' There stands the command, 'Go,' and there is the encouragement written, 'He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.' I believe that I shall gather many sheaves, but when I come to lay them before the Lord of the harvest, how many of them can I truly say are mine?

"My father and mother were aged even when I first came to China, and they had very real need of my presence at home, but they never hindered my coming by so much as one hint of their need of me, and made my leaving my dear native land easy by their courage, and patience, and hearty God-speed. My father became blind, and last December passed to his rest. My mother knows that unless she sees me soon she can never see me in this world. But through all these years no less brave words than these have come to me from them: 'We are glad our child can do such work for the heathen women. Do it and trust the Lord to care for us.'

"Now if I bring sheaves, will not a large portion of them justly belong to the father and mother whose faith and patience have made me strong?

"Then my hands would have been powerless to gather sheaves, had not some in the home land sent me tools to work with. My plough, and my sickle, and my bread, while waiting for the seed to spring up, have been given me by such as you — by those who stint themselves that I may not lack. You remember that grand old David adjudged the same share in the spoils for those that stayed by the stuff as for those that went out to battle. What a large portion of my sheaves will rightfully belong to those whose self-denial and generosity have filled my hands with all that is necessary for my prosecuting this work.

"Then missionary associates have given me the sympathy and kindness without which I must have found the solitude of heathendom unendurable. Strong, true, restful friends they have been to me, and the sound of their voices has kept me from fainting in sultry noon, and from terror by night. A great pile will go from my heap of sheaves to theirs in the day of reckoning the harvest. Others have helped me, too, and I can never pay them except in grain. I am very grateful to all who have made me a bringer of their sheaves, because, though the sheaves be not mine, they furnish excuse for my seeing the face of my Lord, and that is joy enough for me.

"There are those unknown beyond their own village that will receive a crown brighter than mine, because their cross borne for His sake has been heavier.

"I have near me a Chinese woman who will surely appear very radiant in the day when the Lord makes up his jewels. She is a widow with one son. Two years ago there was no Christian in her village and she had never heard the gospel. A neighbor of hers first heard and believed, and told the glad tidings to her and her son. She accepted the message, put away her idols and began to keep the Sabbath. But her brother-in-law came to her door one Sunday morning and said she should then and there choose and declare whether she would cease to worship God, or be beaten and driven out of her home. She refused to say that she would not worship God; and her son fourteen years old, and she, also, were terribly beaten, and she was driven from her village and is not allowed to return.

"My brother, let us not compare our hoped-for crowns — they will be good beyond all that we can conceive."

— *Leaflet of W. B. M. Society of the West.*

Correspondence.

[FROM DR. NELLIE PHILLIPS.]

FOOD OF NATIVES — CONTINUED.

"My description would be quite incomplete if I neglected to speak of the national dish of India, eaten by both natives and foreigners. This is curry and rice. The word curry means in general anything which is eaten with rice. It may be made of either meat or vegetables, and is prepared by cooking them in fat which has been highly seasoned with a mixture of strong spices. The natives are especially fond of highly-flavored dishes, as you can readily believe when I tell you that they use camphor and assafœtida as flavoring in some of their choice dishes; and for one who is not accustomed to the sight, it is quite startling to see them eat curries so fiery that one could hardly hesitate to say they would draw a blister if applied to the skin as a poultice; though a curry, when well prepared and not too strong, is a dish that any one might relish. How do we like our new style of living? you ask. When we are well and hard at work we have little fault to find with it. When we are tired out, more sick than well, and homesick withal, we involuntarily recall the light bread and golden butter, the steaming potato and fragrant steak, which we often think would help much, if at hand, to bring back lost strength and appetite.

"But I must not forget the natives. When we wish to know whether a native has finished a meal, we never ask "Have you eaten your dinner or your breakfast?" but rather, "Have you eaten your rice?" This question has a literal meaning, as they eat rice three times a day throughout the year. Rice of a poor quality, such as is eaten by the majority of natives, can be had at the rate of two pounds for a penny, and there are thousands of natives whose living costs them less than forty cents a month. At night the rice which remains from the last meal is mixed with water and set away till morning. By that time it is generally fermented. Dipping into this fermented mixture with his hand, the native squeezes out the rice by the handful, eats it, and then drinks the sour water. This is the morning meal. At eleven comes rice and curry, the latter made of vegetables, fish, or greens. This meal is followed by the smoking of tobacco, opium, or Indian hemp,

after which comes a nap which lasts till about 2 P. M., when work is again resumed. The chief meal of the day, and the heartiest, is eaten at seven or nine in the evening, just before retiring. After this the natives close the house for the night, often literally bottling themselves up, there being seldom a window in the house and often but one door. A smoke of burning straw is kept all night to drive away mosquitoes.

"The majority of the Hindus eat no meat but fish. These are generally small and poor, such as can be caught with nets in the tanks, rice-fields, and mud-holes by the road-sides. Quantities of spawn are deposited in all these during the rise of the rivers in the rainy season, and the water in them is literally strained by the natives with nets so fine that they capture fish little more than an inch long. These are caught in large quantities, sell for two cents a pound, are cooked with little preparatory cleaning, and are considered a luxury. To eat chickens or eggs would defile an orthodox Hindu, and milk is so expensive as to be quite beyond the reach of the majority of them. A laboring man earns about five cents a day. It takes half of this to pay for a quart of milk. When a native comes to me for medicine, telling me he has lost his appetite, I only wonder the poor fellow ever had one to lose, with nothing to tempt it but the unwholesome compounds which are his only resources for food.

"But again my letter has quite outgrown the limits I had intended for it. My next one will be in regard to the manner of dress of the natives."

JELLASORE, INDIA.

[FROM MISS HOOPER.]

"FIVE POINTS" SCHOOL.

[We copy from the *Religious Intelligencer*, of New Brunswick, some extracts of an interesting letter from Miss Hooper.]

Some time has elapsed since I have written to you. Yet I know you will agree with me that "Duty before pleasure" is a good motto. To superintend six schools containing over two hundred pupils in all, leaves but little time for writing. Just here let me thank the friends of North Head, Grand Manan, for coming so nobly to the front and supporting one of these schools. The school is doing well, now numbering fifty pupils. I hope to send a letter from the teacher to the supporters of the school soon. Last night, taking advantage

of the moonlight, with cane in hand to keep off the dogs which are so numerous and troublesome, I went to "Five Points" school. A tiny oil lamp was set on a stand in the midst of the circle of children, many of whom work all day and can only come to school at night. As each in his turn was repeating his lesson, I was surprised many times by sudden pinches at my neck and arms from the little black fingers which were busy picking off the insects that are so numerous in the rainy season.

Steady blows must, in time, tell on the hardest material. The work has never been so encouraging to me as it is now. There is a willingness and even eagerness to receive knowledge among the lower classes, which is very cheering. Poor children often ask for "Christian books," as they call them. The desire to learn English is very strong. This morning a poor woman at Daraband school, said to me, "Missee baba, I want to say something, but I'm ashamed to." "O, don't be afraid, say anything you like to me," I said. Half covering her face she finally stammered out, "My husband wishes me to ask if you will teach him a little English." When I told her that if her husband would bring his book and learn by me when I came to the school I would help him all I could, she bowed her head to the ground and thanked me, saying, "I thought you would be afraid of him because he's a man."

I came home this morning feeling very sadly because a fine little boy who wishes to come to school is not allowed to do so. His father has two wives, and the second wife rules the household, and threatens to turn the first wife out of doors if she dares to send her child to school. As the father and second wife were away catching birds for sale, I went with the little boy to see his mother. I found her lying in a dark room on a cot, having been ill with fever for a fortnight. To how many in this heathen land is death a boon to be coveted! The blind "sit by the wayside begging"; lepers reach forth their fingerless hands for alms, and the cripple bends so his face almost touches the ground. In the bazar, to-day, I saw a man with his right arm withered and useless, dangling at his side. Disease and deformity that are hidden in christian lands walk the streets here. How these sad sights haunt me long after I cease to see them, because they are beyond the reach of human aid. . . . "Namaskar, missee baba," I hear, from a troop of children at the door. I must lay down my pen and entertain them.

[FROM MISS COOMBS.]

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER TO MISS HAYES.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, Dec. 16, 1882.

We are hoping to be in Port Said to-morrow. Would you like to see us this minute? Well, look down the Mediterranean, southeast of Candia, about half-way to Port Said, and you will see the "Britannia" steaming along at about eleven knots. Is it not a beautiful morning? Just perfect. See how level the sea is, and just enough breeze to make the ripples sparkle, with occasionally a tiny white-cap. And the sky! What an exquisite blue! And those clouds piled down on the horizon, — not storm-clouds, but an amiable pile, gathered up through the night — white and dark blue — and laid away there this morning. Perhaps they will have to be used some time to-day. And what a glorious path of light the sun makes across the water! Now if you can see around into this corner, made by the meat-safe and the deck-house, you will find your friend in her deck-chair, scribbling.

This same deck-chair has been a treasure. As I sit here writing, and the officers pass and re-pass, they all have a cheery word. . . . I have been somewhat troubled that I could not adapt myself better to those around me on this steamer. . . . However, it all goes as a part of my experience, and I only hope I may be willing to speak or be silent as He desires, and may learn from these experiences lessons which shall somehow be a benefit. I would like to be of use to some of these about me, but the prospect is not cheering. Yet if I am close at His hand He may use me. . . .

Our trip across the Bay of Biscay was a turbulent one. The captain said it was the hardest weather he ever experienced in crossing it. The lady passengers were so sick that we had to keep our berths, and did not realize how bad it was; only we knew we were being tumbled about fearfully, and could hear the heavy waves strike the ship, making her quiver through and through. But we knew afterwards that the seas had been sweeping the decks continually. Much of the cargo was damaged and some of the provisions were swept overboard. But we came through with no lives lost, and could almost forget on this lovely Mediterranean that there is any Bay of Biscay. The day at Gibraltar was fine, and I just stayed on deck and took it all in: the mighty historic rock and its wonderful accompaniments; the African and

the Spanish coasts, with towns here and there ; on the shore, horses and carriages, laden beasts and pedestrians ; in the distance snow-capped mountains — all making a grand picture ; and it hardly seemed real that *I* was there looking upon it.

There are but three passengers beside myself, — one lady and two gentlemen. Mr. Aitken, the purser, was on this steamer when Mrs. Phillips and her daughter went out in her, and also when Miss Sisson and her sister came to Glasgow. So you see we have found something in common to talk about. I also found that he knew lots of people in Glasgow with whom I became acquainted. Don't smile at that "lots of people," when I was there only ten days. It was astonishing how many persons I met and came to feel as though I had known them a long time.

I was pleased to find, yes, almost astonished to find what a large amount of benevolent and philanthropic work is carried on in and around Glasgow. I visited the Blind Asylum, Royal Infirmary, Medical Mission, and heard about the Orphan's Home, conducted by Mr. Quarrier much on the same principle as Dr. Cullis' work.

The ladies of Mrs. Hodge's family were constantly going out to some kind of a sewing meeting, Dorcas meeting, or collecting, or something of the kind. One of the girls was especially interested in a "Friendly Girls' Society," which was for the benefit of working girls, having sewing and reading, etc., to give them a place to go to, where they would associate with a better class than would be found at places of amusement. I assure you it was a busy family ; and I think they were not exceptional, for their callers seemed to have the same spirit, and temperance and philanthropy in many forms were often the topics of conversation. There was a family named Lockhart — Baptists — who were especially nice. I called there the evening before I went to Liverpool, to say "good-bye." They had other callers, and they insisted on our stopping to supper (it is a custom there to have a nine-o'clock supper), and when that was over a psalm was read and prayer was offered, in which I was kindly remembered. Can you imagine how it went to my heart ? and I loved those people. I remembered afterwards that it was November 30, and was not that our Thanksgiving Day at home ?

. . . I do enjoy Miss Havergal here on board. It seems like another atmosphere to read her rich words and remember her life and her hymns.

. . . The prospect now is that we shall spend Christmas on the Red Sea.

[FROM MISS HATTIE PHILLIPS.]

NATURE'S LOVELINESS — MAN'S DEPRAVITY.

It is a lovely morning. The stillness is delightful, and is deepened rather than disturbed by the gentle cooing of the wild doves that are after all very tame about here, the humming of insects, the chipper of squirrels, the endless variety of notes given out by as great a variety of birds, and by the vigorous ticking of our little clock,—the one we had so long at home. On the veranda is a charming place to sit. It is high, but the thatched roof comes down low, and so keeps out the glare of the sun. Just now I am sitting facing a magnificent banyan that father and mother set out about the time they were married. Its branches reach to within about a rod of the veranda, and are frequented by numbers of small birds. Yesterday, and again just now, a flock of wild, green parrots has been here apparently prospecting for a home, as they flew up and peeped into the pigeon-holes of the little *pucka* hen house. Their long, graceful tails are very pretty. To look at, this is a charming spot, but the "only man" who "is vile" disturbs very much the satisfaction there otherwise might be in living here. Such a spot as this in America would be worth thousands, and be considered a little Eden. . . .

We enjoyed all you told us of the Ocean Park meetings. This is the time when *Harper's Monthly*, and to some extent other periodicals are telling of delightful summer resorts, and does it not make us yearn for summer vacations, mountain views, a dash in the surf! . . . I am sure it would give us strength and inspiration to attend such a meeting as that at the Park.

. . . We have had quite a stir among our people within the last two or three weeks. One lovely moonlight evening I heard a great disturbance, and on going out found nearly all the men in the village gathered at the house of the preacher, for consultation on the case of a man who was in great disfavor. They were just on the point of blows when I arrived, but soon they dispersed. The cause seemed to be this: The man in disfavor is the most efficient and thrifty man in the village, and is employed to take care of the mission premises. In doing this he frequently has occasion to employ a good

part of all the men. They are indolent, and determined to do as little work as possible for as much money as possible. These had drawn up a paper pledging themselves not to work for him any more. We heard they had agreed to the same in regard to us, but their paper, when produced, showed nothing of the kind. It was reported that they threatened to beat any of their number who would work for this man.

Under these circumstances I drew up a paper, expressing regret for the disgraceful disturbances, and promising to keep the peace in future, and sent it to them to sign. Only one man did so. I modified a single word to make my meaning clearer, but still they refused, and the paper was returned to me. My mind was fully made up, that unless they yielded to so reasonable a request, I should discharge from employment in the schools the fourteen women who are their wives and mothers.

Still I did not wish to present this as a motive until I was sure they would not yield without, so I sent for them, and they sat half naked and greasy on my kitchen floor. For an hour and a half we talked. I found it necessary to bring my reserve shot into the action, and it proved quite effective. Their names were all meekly signed, and when dismissed they asked for music from the organ. On Sunday, nearly or quite all of the insurgents were out to church, which is a very unusual thing.

JELLASORE, October, 1882.

[FROM MRS. BURKHOLDER.]

BHIMPORE, Dec. 28.

. . . You see I am at home again. It is such a treat to be here and have a little strength to work. During the month Mr. Burkholder has been to visit some Christians who live more than thirty miles distant. While there, two were baptized, and a branch church was organized. It is cheering to make inroads into the enemy's camp.

Most of the members of our mission are in Calcutta, attending the Decennial Missionary Conference, which begins to-day. My husband has gone, and I have called a number of our men together to arrange for a series of meetings during the week of prayer. A new chapel has been built—larger than the old one—which was dedicated on the first Sabbath of the month. It is built after the style of the native houses.

I suppose Miss Coombs will arrive in Calcutta while all are

there. It will make it very pleasant. Her coming was quite a surprise to us, but we are so glad to welcome her.

Lincoln Hall.

[The following is clipped from the *Storer Record*. Let the help asked be most cheerfully responded to without delay.]

LINCOLN Hall is a frame building with a tin roof 40 x 75 feet, three stories high, containing thirty rooms below the attic.

The larger part of the money to erect this building was obtained from the Freedmen's Bureau. This was one of the last grants made by it. Though never quite finished, it has done excellent service for twelve years, affording a comfortable home for from fifty to seventy-five young men annually. It was hastily but strongly built of green lumber, and is now in great need of paint, furniture, and other repairs.

As the Hall was built mainly with Bureau funds, the rooms were never named. Mr. Palmer, of Bath, Me., has recently furnished money to fit up a reading and study room, which we have named the Palmer Room. The Young People's Society, of Fairport, N. Y., is also to take and name a room. Over half the money is already raised.

Twenty-five dollars for each room will enable us to put the old building, inside and out, in as good condition as when it was new, and also preserve it for future use. Two new rooms may be made in the attic with small expense. Those who have recently been here know how sadly it needs repairs.

We see no possible way to do this work unless churches, auxiliaries, young people's societies, and individuals come to the rescue, as they have in the past. In view of the great burdens on the hands and hearts of the benevolent, we have hesitated to ask for aid in this work. We venture to do it now, only in the consciousness that it is the Lord's work, not ours.

The name selected by the donor will be put over the door of each room on marked plates, like those in Myrtle Hall. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

He who gives to the building up of the kingdom of Christ in this world, gives to the noblest and loftiest purpose the mind can entertain. — *Spirit of Missions*.

Harker's Island, and What One Woman Has Done.

MISS JENNIE S. BELL, of New England, went to Beaufort, S. C., and gathered fifty blacks to teach ; met about town shiftless men and snuff-taking women, and, of course, miserable children — a class more inefficient than the negroes. They subsisted by clam-digging, begging rations from the government, and stealing what they could not beg.

Miss B. went to the provost-marshal and asked, " Can nothing be done for these people?" " Suppose you try it," he said ; and try she did. Off the coast was Harker's Island, where were about three hundred men, women, and children. She took possession of a roofless cabin, spent fifty dollars repairing it, built in the rear a log cabin for her own home, and gathered in fifteen children.

It was hard work ; she had to clean the body first with soap and crash, before the brain could be cultivated. They were actually so dirty and unwholesome that Miss Bell had to use rods to point to the A B C's, rather than have the children near her. Each one had a present of a comb, and the fashion was set on the island of smooth hair and clean faces. Then this woman hired boys to " tote " sea-weed for dressing, break the ground and put in seed. " What yer doin' ? " queried the elders, leaning over the fence, pipe in mouth ; " making a garden ? " 'Taint no use, truck won't grow."

" We'll see about that," she answered cheerily. The rain and sun did their share of the work, and soon a thrifty garden grew potatoes, beans, squashes, and turnips. By and by other families tried gardening, and with tolerable success. Then poultry raising was tried, and so onward and upward the people have grown, helped by one woman who believed in race education, and in labor education.

Fifteen years have passed ; no one who knew the island in old time would recognize it now. Miss Bell established shoemaking on the island, and had the children taught the trade by a good shoemaker. The women have learned to sew and to cut and make garments. A plantation of fig-trees, two hundred in number, is in fair condition ; peach, pear, and apple-trees are thriving ; and the next generation will have cause to call her blessed, for from this stock of labor-loving, cleanly, frugal youth, will come a race worthy of the woman who called it into existence. She has worked for the future ; would there were more such.—*Woman at Work.*

Other Topics.

MRS. BOOTH, the wife and active coadjutor of the leader of the Salvation Army, is the daughter of a lady of rank in England, who was banished from friends and home in early life because she resolutely chose to marry a Methodist lay preacher in preference to a man of wealth and position who was a suitor for her hand. The story of this painful epoch in her mother's life, and the years of devotion that followed, appear, more than anything else, to have inspired Mrs. Booth to enter upon the remarkable career she is pursuing.

At the age of sixteen she dedicated herself wholly to religious work, and for nearly twenty-five years she has been speaking in public three or four times weekly, and doing a large share of the general executive business of the army. On being asked how she could do so much public work consistently with her duties as the mother of a large family, she is said to have replied: "I never left my children for any purpose than to preach, and I therefore spent more time with them than other mothers do." The training of the family has unquestionably been a success, the eldest five children being already among their father's most prominent and valuable helpers, and all the younger ones being as thoroughly imbued with the one idea of the household — devotion to God and mankind. A portion of this army is now in India.

A QUERY.— The following query made by one of our constant subscribers is certainly worthy of consideration, and may appeal to those who are now objecting to renew their subscriptions on account of increase in price.

"I have often said I would be willing to pay fifty cents a year, if by so doing I could have the *HELPER* once a month, so I enclose it for 1883. But there is one thing I do not quite understand, and that is, why one who is isolated, say ten or twelve miles, from the church of her choice, and no chance to join in a club, must pay so much more. Do those sisters who have the benefit of the missionary concert and circle, and other social gatherings of the church, need the benefit of club rates to keep their zeal warm? I do not think fifty cents any too much, but let the price be uniform and the profit accruing, if any, be paid into our treasury for general work; or, perhaps better, toward a sanitarium for our toiling ones in India. Your warm friend in the mission cause."

Missionary Literature.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a thing ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.—Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN HEATHEN LANDS. By M. P. Barker, in *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, Philadelphia, Jan. 6, and 13, 1883.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF REV. DR. SHAUFFLER, Missionary to Turkey. *New York Observer*, Feb. 1, 1883.

THE MISSIONARY HERITAGE OF THE PRESENT GENERATION. A paper read by Secretary E. B. Alden, D. D., at the late meeting of the American Board. *Missionary Herald*, November, 1882.

EARLY CALIFORNIA MISSIONS. By Mrs. E. M. Brackett. *Our Continent*, November 15, 1882.

HOW TO INTEREST THE YOUNG IN FOREIGN MISSIONS. *Gospel in all Lands* of February 8, 1883.

THE KUMBH MELA AT ALLAHABAD. By the Rev. W. Hooper, M. A. *Illustrated Missionary News*, London, January, 1883.

BRAHMINISM. By Miss Colgate. *The Helping Hand*, January and February, 1883.

MUNIFICENT GIFTS FOR HIGHER EDUCATION. By the Editor. *The Congregationalist* of February 15, 1883.

COREA, THE HERMIT NATION. By W. E. Griffis. Recently published by Scribner & Co. Intensely interesting.

LITTLE BULLETS. By A. L. O. E. Robert Carter & Brothers, Publishers. A good work for Sunday School libraries. The gifted author is a missionary in India.

FALSE GODS, OR THE IDOL WORSHIP OF THE WORLD. By the Rev. Frank S. Dobbins. Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia. Nearly 27,000 copies of this book have been sold.

Topic for Monthly Prayer-Meeting.

"Have faith in God."—Mark xi., 22, 24. "Happy is the one that has faith in God—a childlike trust in his Heavenly Father—an intelligent, christian faith, which is only careful to know what is God's word, and being once persuaded of that, builds fearlessly upon it for time and eternity."

PAYMENTS.—All who are making regular contributions to missions, and it is hoped this means every reader, will remember that remittances are made quarterly, near the 25th of February, May, August, and November. There is need of constant care and promptness, lest there may not be a full treasury when needed.

Treasurers of auxiliary societies and bands will please remember to send their money to the treasurer of the Quarterly Meeting Society to which they belong. And be sure to send it *just at the time* designated by her.

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE.

One by one the Workers go home, summoned to a more glorious service.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, to call from our little working band four of its most valuable and efficient members, Mrs. Abbie Smith, Mrs. Thomas Jackson, Mrs. G. W. Barrows, and Miss Ida Kemp, to reap their reward ; therefore

Resolved, That as we mourn for ourselves in this, our great loss, we strive more earnestly to emulate their virtues.

Resolved, That we labor to bring into our ranks other workers, who may in some measure fill their places.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the MISSIONARY HELPER for publication.

Sec. of F. B. Woman's Miss. Soc.

EAST OTISFIELD, ME.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The Sandwich Q. M. Woman's Mission Society held its last session at Ashland, January 24. An address by Professor Meservey, of New Hampton ; Our Santal Mission, by Mrs. M. M. Hills, read by Mrs. E. Shapleigh ; a paper by Miss Butts, of New Hampton, and singing by the children comprised the programme.

Professor Meservey's address, defining missions, as evangelization, the development of a higher type of manhood, physically, intellectually, and morally, as well as spiritually ; its field, all lower than ourselves, with whom we come in personal contact ; the freedmen of the South ; the Indians upon our reservations ; and the pagans upon the Pacific coast as well as the 600,000,000 pagans beyond the seas, gave to all who listened a broad meaning to the command, "Go ye into *all* the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Miss Butts' paper showing that a large factor in this great work is the elevation of woman to her proper position in the home and society, was full of helpful thoughts, and her statistics of what might be accomplished by the payment of two cents per week for missions by each member of this denomination, were beyond controversy.

The secretary reported one new auxiliary society, and one children's band. A pleasing feature of this gathering was the cheerful, hearty response to a request for a collection, which brought to the treasury seventeen dollars.

Mrs. M. A. DAVIS, *Pres.*

RHODE ISLAND.

Two months ago our church found itself to be some six hundred dollars in debt, and it becoming advisable to raise the amount, several plans of helping were suggested. One of these I want to tell you about, thinking possibly it may be of use as a suggestion to those who are perplexed over "ways and means" in missionary work. It was proposed by a dear old lady, who, though nearly eighty-three years of age, is still young and helpful in spirit, that an album quilt be gotten up for the minister's wife, this same aged friend offering to furnish the material and do the marking, while the money obtained for the names at ten cents each

should go toward the debt. This offer was by no means to be disregarded, and accordingly young and old went to work. All the while this was to go on without the knowledge of the pastor, who should, at a proper time, receive a surprise visit. To create interest and a wholesome competition, it was thought best that each one getting names should keep the money in an envelope until the time of presentation, and that an invitation be tendered each one giving his or her name, to be present at the event of the surprise.

A few weeks ago a notice from the pulpit read, "The ladies' social circle will meet next Tuesday evening at the residence of the pastor." The evening proved to be all that could be desired, and at an early hour the house was well filled, each one bearing about him the air of bright expectancy, or of one trying hard to keep a pleasant secret.

At about eight o'clock some one proposed that the old-fashioned game of "button, button," be indulged in for a few minutes. Quickly, as many as could, crowded into the largest room, and stood in order with hands together, ready to receive anything which might be inclined to drop therein. Each one who had an envelope passed along in quick succession, creating laughter and pleasantries, finally dropping his "button" into the hands of the bewildered pastor.

After this ceremony of course all were eager to have the envelopes opened, and the amount of their contents given. The sum secured by this unique and happy device amounted to between fifty-five and fifty-six dollars. This included eight dollars as proceeds from a parlor concert given a week or two previous. A glad surprise this was to all, as so large a sum was not looked for.

There are two or three practical results which I feel you will acknowledge as growing out of the evening's entertainment. One of these was the getting of a large number of all ages interested, and consequently at work. Another, the reaching of people outside your own circle, causing them to give a thought to the church and its work. Again, it is always better to raise one dollar from one hundred persons, than one hundred cents from one person; this being the reason of putting the price of names at ten cents. Finally, we all came together, and had a grand social time, cheering and encouraging the heart of the pastor, and at the same time having the consciousness of approval from that Source from whence all true enjoyment and blessing come.

Mrs. C. S. FROST.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

OHIO.

DEAR READERS OF THE HELPER: Would you like to make a visit to Ohio and see how the missionary work is progressing? One visit will not be sufficient to review the work of the whole state, so we will invite you first to the northern part. If you should find anything to interest you here, we may some time call your attention to the central and southern parts.

The Ohio and Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting has five Quarterly Meetings. Supposing you to come from the East, you will first enter the Washington Quarterly Meeting, which is the Pennsylvania portion. We are very willing that you should inspect this first, as we call it our "Model Quarterly Meeting." The work here is in charge of Mrs. S. L. Parker, our Yearly Meeting Secretary. She has been unceasing in her efforts to awaken and keep up the interest, and has been much encouraged by the

willingness of others to join her in the work. A year ago you would have been unable to find a woman's mission society in this whole Quarterly Meeting, at least not an active one. Now they have a Q. M. organization, every church has a society, and everything is in good working order. They not only make regular returns in money, but are holding interesting meetings, and informing themselves concerning the mission work. So far their efforts have been chiefly for the benefit of Nellie Phillips. The Lake Pleasant Church is now interesting itself in the work at Harper's Ferry. We received a report not long since, of a very pleasant entertainment and oyster supper at the residence of Mrs. Parker, at which they raised \$12.00. This they intend to appropriate toward finishing a room in Anthony Hall.

In the Ashtabula Quarterly Meeting the interest is increasing, although the growth has not been so rapid as in the Washington. Mrs. J. Phillips, who is president of our Y. M. Society, is giving special attention to this Q. M. They have a Q. M. Society, and at each session one evening is devoted to the missionary meeting. So far three church societies have been reported, and we expect more to follow.

In the Cleveland Quarterly Meeting there is a growing interest, and since the organization of the Q. M. Society last May, the ladies have held a missionary meeting at each session. Preparations are now being made for the next at Royalton. In the Cleveland church monthly meetings are held, which have done much to increase the number of those interested in the mission work. A different leader is appointed for each meeting, who chooses the subject, prepares questions for distribution, and makes up the programme. The members of the society give according to the card system. The receipts last year were \$69.59. We have now twenty-eight subscribers for the *HELPER*, where two years ago it was difficult to get five. Last evening, January 28th, a public meeting was held in commemoration of our semi-centennial, at which Mrs. T. H. Drake presided. The exercises consisted of music, recitations, select readings, papers on "The Early History of India," and "The History of the Free Baptist Mission in India." At the close Mrs. Drake made some very appropriate remarks, and a collection of \$10.00 was taken, which will be appropriated toward the support of Nellie Phillips.

The other two Quarterly Meetings have not yet joined us, but efforts are being made to interest them in the work, and it is hoped an organization may be effected at their next session.

May the time soon come when the women of all the Free Will Baptist churches in Ohio will join heart and hand in carrying forward this noble work.

Mrs. M. P. COE, *Secretary of the Ohio Association.*

CLEVELAND, O.

NEW YORK.

Mrs. Sprague, of Poland, some months since sought directions for sending a box of helps to our missionaries in India. It went on its way, and now there is the following note with reference to its fate: "After a long time we sent it and received a letter from Miss Phillips saying it arrived in Calcutta, but was broken into and the contents destroyed; but she thought she should get the value of it from the express company. It was valued at \$10. I received another letter a few days ago saying she had received the money as she expected, and it would be used to build a school-house for Ambi; so the box was not lost after all. Miss Phil-

lips enclosed in her letter a photograph of Ambi which was quite a curiosity. She reports Ambi's school as doing very nicely, two of her girls having passed the government examination with great credit.

The business meeting of our society was held on January 16. The treasurer reported as follows: \$37.50 sent the past year for the support of Ambi, and about \$4.00 in the treasury to apply on her salary the present year; \$5.00 for Miss Emma Smith's outfit; \$10.00 received from the box for Ambi's school-house; and \$16.00 given by an aged lady, Mrs. Coon, one half for foreign and one half for home missions; making in all about \$73.00 raised by our church and society the past year, which is really better than we expected at the beginning of the year.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

At the Genesee (N. Y.) Quarterly Meeting, recently held at Dale, the Society had a most interesting meeting. Rev. A. J. Marshall was present, and gave an earnest appeal for India. Mrs. Hoose, the efficient secretary of the Central N. Y. Yearly Meeting, reports \$50.50 raised during the last quarter. One new auxiliary has been formed. There are sixty-eight subscribers to *HELPER*.

At the December session of Rensselaer Quarterly Meeting a Society was organized. Mrs. Martha Brown is president, and Miss Eva Harris, secretary.

The Gibson, Q. M. (Pa.) held its February session with Sanford church. The weather was severe and the roads bad, so many friends were missed. In absence of president Mrs. Whitney, Rev. C. M. Prescott took charge of the mission meeting. The programme consisted of an essay by Mrs. L. L. Gates, select readings by Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Calvin Prescott, and a recitation by Delcie Gates. The meeting closed with short speeches from several present. This Society was organized only at the last Q. M., and its members have reason to feel encouraged. The treasurer, Mrs. Hubbard, reports \$13.96 raised (aside from some pledged on cards, not yet paid), and \$4.00 from collection. N. D. GATES.

IOWA.

Mrs. True, of Edgewood, in a note of recent date, says, "A society was organized in connection with the Delaware and Clayton Quarterly Meeting, November 25. The usual business was transacted and a public meeting was held. The exercises were given mainly by the Sunday school scholars, of Masonville. Mrs. William Sheldon read an interesting essay, and a collection was taken amounting to \$2.22.

"We hope to get to work in all our churches. It seems to us each church could have some kind of a mission meeting, if only a prayer-meeting once each quarter. The officers of this society are, President, Mrs. W. Sheldon; Vice-President, Mrs. Alexander Allcock; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. C. H. True; and a committee composed of one representative in each church.

"The subscribers which form my club are from one to eight miles distant, and during this cold winter, and the snow blockades, it is almost impossible to see them, but we all welcome the *HELPER*."



Children's Niche.

"What Will You Give?"

First Girl—

There's a call from the far-off heathen land;
Oh! what can *you* give for the great demand.

All—

We have not wealth, like the rich man's store,
We will give — ourselves; we have nothing more.

Second G.—

I will give — my *feet*, they shall go and go,
Till the heathen's story the world shall know.

Third G.—

I will give — my *hands*, till their work shall turn
To the gold I have not, — "but *can earn*."

Fourth G.—

I will give, — my *eyes* the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

Fifth G.—

I will give — my *tongue*, that story to tell,
Till christian hearts shall with pity swell.

Sixth G.—

We have little to give, but, by and by,
We may hear a call from the Voice on high,
"To bear My Gospel, o'er land and sea,
Into all the world, — *go ye! go ye!*"

All. (Very slowly and solemnly.)

Though of silver and gold we have none at all,
We will give *ourselves*, if we hear that call.

— Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

More Wanderings.

SOMETIME ago we gave a short sketch of the Children's Medical Missionary Society, of England. The sixth annual report says that £105 were collected during the year, and sent to hospitals in England and other parts of the world. The children who collect this money are formed into bands as you are in your mission work in this country. They meet frequently to hear readings about the work, and they prepare articles of clothing, toys, picture-books, etc., for the children who are suffering in the hospitals, or in their own com-

fortless homes. These articles are most valuable in heathen countries, where so little is done to relieve suffering. How glad we all are to know that Jesus healed the sick and cured the palsied eighteen hundred years ago, and that he wants us to do all we can to help the needy. This report says that dolls were sent to the children of the Holy Land, and the letter which brought back the thanks for them said, "Nothing like dolls for Palestine." In this society the boys as well as the girls are interested and hard at work.

One of the stories which are published each Christmas for these little workers, mostly written by Miss Annie Butler, has the above title, and being so much interested we have selected a few extracts for you, all the while wishing there were more white pages to be printed for the Niche:

"Do you like to get letters, or to have nice bits out of other letters read to you? One day as we were returning from our *wanderings* our ship stopped at Galle, Ceylon, and on inquiry at the post-office there I found thirty-two letters waiting for me; and another day after our arrival in England I found on coming down to breakfast that there were letters from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and most of them were for me. How much I wish that you, the dear children for whom I write, could share the pleasure of these packages with me; and I think I must really let you have a peep into some of my letters. Here is one directed in a hand I have learned to know very well, though I have never seen the writer. It is from Dr. Thompson, of Neyoor, India, and tells about a little boy of whom one of his native assistants has been taking charge. This assistant, James, who is at a dispensary six miles away, sent one day to Dr. Thompson for a cot for a child who had broken his arm, and was unable to come to the hospital at Neyoor. The little patient was very poor, and had no one but his widowed mother to care for him. When he saw the cot, and heard about the English boys who collect money for such poor little fellows as himself, he was much pleased, and prayed earnestly for those who had helped him, saying, 'O Lord, let them be well forever.'

"Here is another letter. It was in acknowledgment of £10 sent from 'English boys' and girls, too, for two cots in his hospital. Shall I read it to you? 'Many thanks for your welcome letter. On the same day that it arrived a little boy who had his arm amputated by me three years ago came into the hospital, and tears were running down his cheeks as

he told his sad tale. He had no one to help him. He said "My father and mother are dead, and the man who took my mother (step-father) beat me, and told me to go away, as he had no food for me." Poor little fellow! he was covered with disease, and was very thin, but had large expressive eyes, and a pleasing, open countenance.

"We asked him if he loved the Lord Jesus, and he said, 'Yes, because he has suffered and died for me, a sinner,'—so he had not forgotten the teaching of three years ago. To-day, when giving him medicine, I asked him whether there was anything he had to say, as I was writing to the lady who sends the money which the children at home collect for cots in the hospital for little boys like him to get well on. He thought wonderingly for a while. Then I said, 'What can you do for them to show your gratitude?' Tears filled the little fellow's eyes as he replied, 'I've lost my arm; I can't do anything for them, *but I can love them!*' Is it not touching? He is, I trust, one of Jesus' lambs, and there is no one but the Good Shepherd and His sheltered lambs to take care of him at present."

"Do you remember, my dear children, where in the Bible it says that those who love the Lord Jesus are his letters (or epistles)? You know what you do about letters. You first write what you want to say in them and then you send them off. And even so Jesus first writes His love in the hearts of His children, and then He sends them into the world to tell others about it.

"Which of you would like to be Jesus Christ's letter to somebody this year?"

Not a Bad Custom.

"THE mouth that speaketh lies shall be stopped." Among certain tribes of the Hindus, if any person is proved to be a liar he receives the punishment of the law, which requires that a liar shall have his mouth sewed up. The offender has his hands tied behind him; he is led out to a post in a public place, is fastened to that, and one of the officers of the government, appointed for that purpose, sews up his mouth with a needle and thread. Then he is allowed to go. And every one sees his closed lips, and the blood flowing from them, and can say to himself, "There goes a liar."

For Children's Meetings.

INDIA.



DO you each help write the letter to Miss Ida Phillips, your missionary at Balasore? If not, we hope you will make it an exercise for your next meeting. She will be so glad to receive your letter made of several little letters. She wishes you to ask questions about things which you cannot learn in other ways. She is a very busy woman, so do not ask many, but tell her how much you like to help her. Would you not like some of her pictures to sell to your friends, and so make a little money?

We will talk at this meeting about one of the great hindrances to the gospel, which is the system of caste :

1. Which is the highest division of caste?
2. What caste is second to the Brahmins?
3. What is the fourth caste?
4. Which caste is the Sudras?
5. What are all outside these called?
6. What if the shadow of a low caste man fall on a Brahmin?
7. Read "Power of Hindu Caste," in *HELPER* of July, 1878.
8. Read "A Sad, Strange Wedding," in *HELPER* of March, 1879.
9. What does the Bible say in Acts xvii., 24-28.
10. What did the Saviour teach in Luke x., 29-37.

"He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer."—Psalm cii., 17. "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—Psalm xxxiv., 10.

Contributions

FROM JANUARY 1, 1883, TO FEBRUARY 1, 1883.

MAINE.

Athens, Auxiliary, towards constituting J. Etta Kinsmore life member.....	\$4 00
Atkinson, Church.....	2 00
Bangor, Auxiliary.....	5 00
East Dixfield, Auxiliary for H. M.....	1 50
Farmington, Q. M. Woman's Missionary Society.....	16 10
Kingfield, Auxiliary.....	4 25
Lewiston, Main Street, Auxiliary, 40 cents of which for Incidental and Literature Fund..	15 00
Lisbon Falls, Auxiliary.....	5 00
New Portland, Auxiliary, \$1.75 paid before to complete life membership of Mrs. E. H. Butts; this \$2.00 with \$5.83 paid before toward constituting Mrs. O. E. Savage life member.....	2 00
North Berwick, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bachelor's support..	3 00
Portland, Auxiliary, for Miss M. Bachelor's support.....	9 00

Miss Harriet A. Deering, \$3.00 for F. M., and \$2.00 for Harper's Ferry.....	5 00
Topsham, Auxiliary, for F. M., and to complete life membership of E. J. Whitten.....	5 00
Vinal Haven, Rev. C. Purington, Mrs. M. M. Purington, Miss Josie M. Purington, each 50 cents for F. M.....	1 50

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Ashland, Annie S. Vittum.....	1 04
Candia, Bequest of Miss Sally Hall, member of the F. B. Church, Candia, by W. J. Dudley, executor.....	128 33
Mrs. Jason Godfrey.....	1 00
Miss Lydia Dolber.....	2 00
Contoocook, Mrs. B. P. Parker..	1 00
Dover, Charles Street, Church, Mrs. A. Sanders.....	50
Franklin Falls, Church, for Miss Brackett's salary.....	6 00
Meredith Village, Auxiliary, for Mrs. D. F. Smith.....	5 42

Earnest workers, Miss Ida Phillips' support.....	4 13
New Durham Q. M., collection at Mission meeting.....	8 29
Rochester, Miss A. M. Watson..	1 00
Sandwich Q.M., collection, \$10.00; for working capital, \$6.85; for F. M.....	16 85
A friend for Miss Coombs' salary	5 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury, Mrs. M. P. Carlton and Mrs. J. M. Lamprey each \$1.00.....	2 00
Haverhill, Auxiliary, for native teacher and to complete life membership of Miss A. Garland.....	12 00
Lowell, Paige Street Auxiliary...	19 02
Worcester, Mrs. N. Tyler.....	1 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 50
\$2.50 for Miss Franklin's salary; \$1.00 general fund.....	3 50
Georgiaville, Mission Band, for Ragged schools.....	1 20
Greenville, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	10 00
Olneyville, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	15 00
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	5 00
Miss Franklin's salary....	5 00
\$1.50 general fund; 25 cents for Incidental and Literature Fund; \$2.50 H. M.....	4 25
Little Workers for Miss Ida Phillips' support ..	2 50
Pascoag, Young People's Mission society for Miss I. Phillips' support.....	12 50

\$5.50 for Miss Franklin's salary; 50 cents for Literature and Incidental Fund ...	6 00
Providence, Greenwich St. for Miss H. Phillips' support....	6 25
Park St. for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	6 25
Park St. for Miss Franklin's salary.....	1 75
Tiverton, Church, for Miss Hattie Phillips.....	5 00
\$1.50 for ragged schools; 50 cents for Literature and Incidental Fund.....	2 00

OHIO.

Prospect, Mrs. Sarah Cratty.....	5 00
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MISSOURI.

Keytesville, Mrs. M. H. Hunter, \$5.00; for H. M., \$10.00 for F. M.....	15 00
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WISCONSIN.

Berlin, Mrs. S. A. Page, for F. M. Miss Gillespie, for Literature and Incidental Fund.....	9 00
	60

MINNESOTA.

Champlin, Auxiliary, for F. M., and to complete life membership Mrs. C. L. Russell.....	10 00
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Try Class for Poma.....	3 00
From sale of Miss Crawford's pictures.....	3 25

Total, \$127 68

Miss L. A. DEMERRITTE, *Treas.*,
per Mrs. M. S. WATERMAN,
Dover, N. H. *Assistant Treas.*

CORRECTION.—In the contributions' acknowledged in the January number, the \$10.00 by the Greenville Auxiliary, and the \$1.00 by the North Scituate Church, should be for Miss Phillips' support, instead of Incidental and Literature Fund.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

	<i>F. M.</i>	<i>H. M.</i>	<i>Ed. Soc.</i>
Receipts for January.....	\$1,793 19	\$681 53	\$471 75
CONCORD, N. H.	MOSES B. SMITH, <i>Treas.</i>		

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

	<i>F. M.</i>	<i>H. M.</i>	<i>Ed. Soc.</i>
Receipts for January.....	\$236 52	\$610 72	\$21 06
NORTH PARMA, N. Y.	J. C. STEELE, <i>Treas.</i>		

BUREAU OF INTELLIGENCE.—For essays, dialogues, etc., address Miss Kate J. Anthony, 40 Summer Street, and for letters from missionaries, Miss May E. Bisbee, 1 Kendall Street, Providence, R. I.